

#165 Reflecting on Life with Disability.

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While sitting in church, I wondered how my life would have been if I were a typical, normal girl. I imagined that I might be married by now, with my parents having found a match within our church, adhering to criteria like family, caste, church membership, good job, and education. I might have one or two kids, likely two due to family pressure, and I might or might not be working. I could even be living away from Hosur. I envisioned myself in the church, taking communion every two weeks, having friends there, and possibly wearing a saree instead of my current skirt and t-shirt. I might be a Sunday school teacher or even a candidate in church elections, actively participating in church activities. My presence would be well-known in the church, with my footsteps marking the place. Reflecting on this made me realize that while my life is different from others, which sometimes causes me pain, it also makes me unique. Having a disability isn't always a cruel thing that God has given me, right?

[Sometimes life leads me to think,](#)

“Disability isn’t a curse; it’s what makes my life unique.”